Before you haue them.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lords, the Engliſh lie within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. VVho hath meaſured the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Granpeere.*

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter the King diſguiſed, to him Piſtoll.

Piſt. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?
Or art thou common, baſe, and popeler?

King. No ſir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trailes thou the puiſſant Pike?

King. Euen ſo ſir. VVhat are you?

Piſt. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Piſt. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,
A lad of life, an impe of fame,
Of parents good, of fiſt moſt valiant:
I kis his durty ſhooe, and from my heart ſtrings
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy, a Corniſh man;
Art thou of Corniſh crew?

King. No ſir, I am a *Welchman.*

Piſt. A *Welchman*; knowſt thou *Flewellen?*

King. I ſir, he is my kinſman.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?

King. I ſir.

Piſt. Figa for thee then; my name is *Piſtoll.*

King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.

Piſt.